Lillie Pozer 28:99

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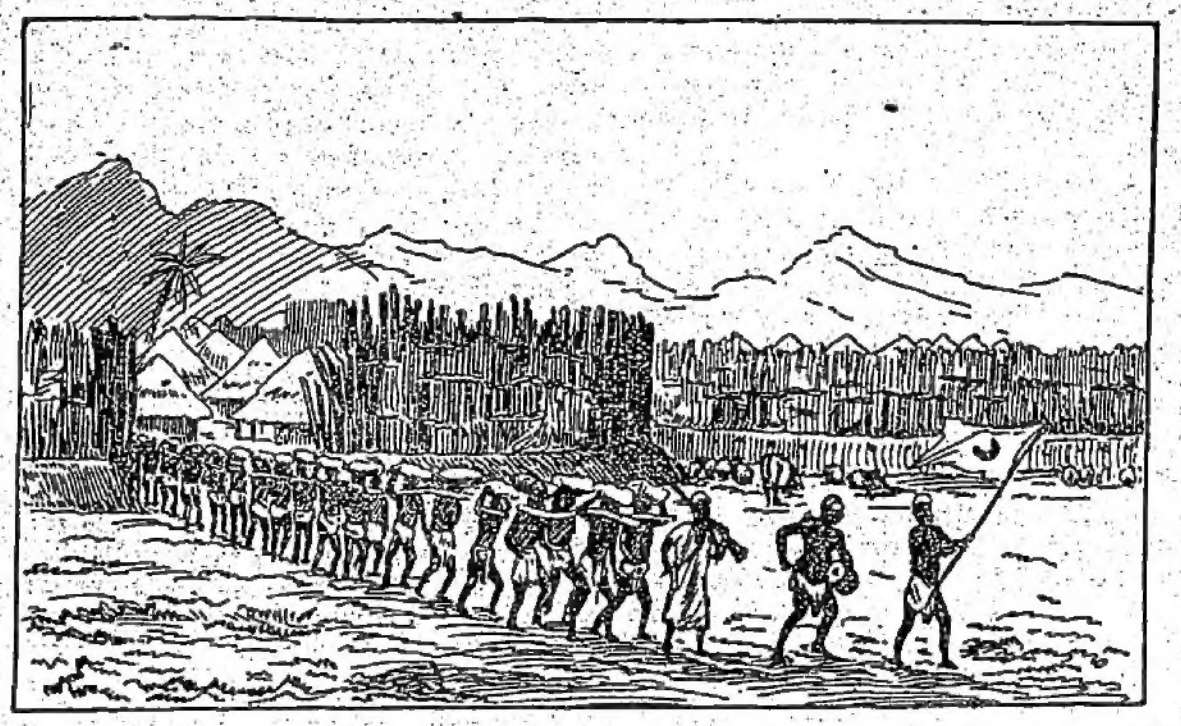
A Hero of the Dark Continent

A hero at home will be a hero abroad. He who is aglow with Christian devotion and courage in college, in the service of the church, and amid the allurements of modern society, will be a brave missionary. Such a one was Dr. William Affleck Scott, who has fought a good fight and won the victory after only six years of warfare in Africa; following the lead of his great Captain to an early death. He was born in 1862, in the city of Edinburgh, and there received his school, university, and professional training.

His childhood was spent in a happy Christian home and under the care of a very bright and loving mother. In his high-school days he was the leader in the studies of his class and the hero of the whole school; a born athlete, and full of boisterous fun. He was captain of the foot-ball club, and had such physical endurance that a walk of twenty miles was only a tonic to him. If a comrade got tired, Scott promptly mounted him upon his back for a mile or two. He also developed remarkable mechanical gifts, and was brimful of inventions. All the while, as his class fellows testify, he raised the tone of the whole school by the influence of his manly and honorable character.

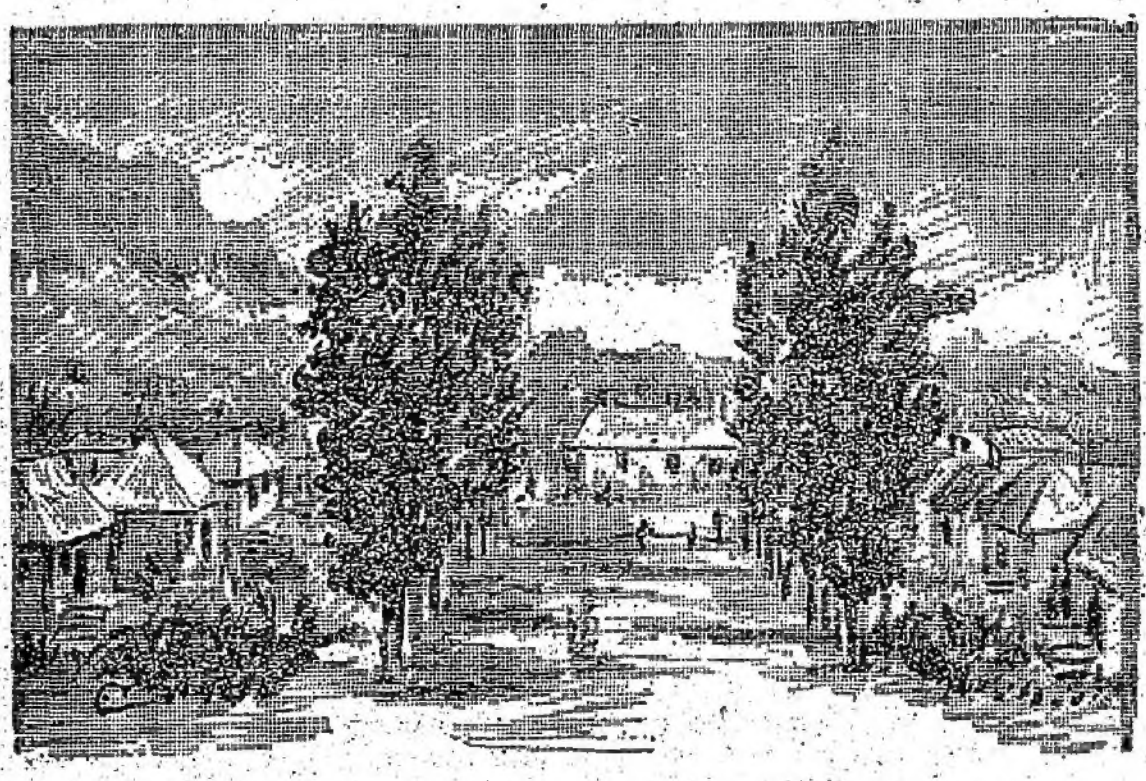
The source of this moral strength is indicated by an entry found in a notebook, written when he was sixteen: 'It is very pleasant when one is bothered with foot-ball to rest one's knees and feel Christ put his hand on one's head.' Another entry says: 'I have been reading the life of Livingstone, and am beginning to kindle. . . . The need abroad is a hundredfold greater than the need at home; in fact the need at home is the need abroad, though some people shut their eyes to the fact; and surely we are sent into this world to fill some place where there is need for us, and not to jostle each other.'



A SLAVE CARAVAN IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

During his university life Scott carefully cultivated his fine tenor voice, and his remarkable gift for rapid sketching in water-colors. It soon became necessary for him to support himself entirely, which he did by microscopic drawings for the illustration of surgical books, as well as by private tuition. His artistic and vocal gifts became also an important factor in a city mission work, which, as president of the young men's guild and a leader in the parish work of Greenside, Edinburgh, he carried on vigorously side by side with his studies. He had an evening-school class of the worst boys in the neighborhood, to whom he became a matchless hero and model, and also a dear brother and friend in need. A friend maintains that in one year when he earned $750 he spent $80 upon himself and gave the rest away.

From the university Scott entered directly upon the courses of theological and medical study which were to fit him for the life of a missionary physician in Africa, a career upon which he had now decided. This double work did not hinder the energetic pursuit of his city mission objects. He organized, in a lower stratum of the population than any yet reached, a mission football club and a flute band. He could not himself play the flute, but he learned, arranged the music, and copied it himself for the different instruments. One morning a friend of his saw a large flute band of seeming ragamuffins, marching in good order to the Waverly Station, and playing a simple air with great spirit. Among them he discovered Scott, who was off with his boys for a day in the country. Accustomed to the best society in the city, with friends to be met at every turn, and a prominent athlete, known to everybody as such, he had certainly attained a complete self-effacement. 'To see him, and the Holy Spirit working in him, made one as sure of the existence of that Person in the Godhead as of the existence of Arthur's Seat.' So says a friend. When the time came to offer himself as a missionary, the finances of the Church of Scotland Missionary Society forbade sending him for some years. Then he determined to go to Africa in spite of the Church, if not for her. He could work his passage out as a ship's surgeon, and afterwards pick up his own living. Ultimately private individuals guaranteed him a salary of $750, and he sailed second-class, for Blantyre in the Shire Highlands of British Central Africa, in 1889, leaving his promised wife to follow when he should have become permanently settled. He was quickly at home with the natives. He wrote: 'Those horrid photographs give no idea of them. You would think that they were uglier than ugly. The native African is often a very beautiful creature.'



THE SCOTCH MISSION STATION AT BLANTYRE.

Now began Dr. Scott's manifold missionary activities—language study, station duty at Blantyre, medical work near and far, and long evangelistic journeys, on foot; for he quickly renounced machilas in disgust, walking swiftly into camp, with his carriers toiling on far behind, in vain attempts to keep up with him. He once walked one hundred miles in two days, to attend a patient, arriving in perfect condition. In two years he sent home for publication a translation of 'Pilgrim's Progress.' His Sunday services when at Blantyre were as follows: At six o'clock breakfast, often followed by a mile walk to visit patients at Mondala; at seven, morning service; at half-past seven, crowds of patients in his surgery; at half-past eight, the native church service; at half-past ten, the English church service, at which he preached in turn. After dinner he set off to his own parish, the nearest point of which was four miles away, in four villages of

which he held Sunday services. Returning to Blantyre by a quarter to six, he attended evening service at half-past six. Not seldom there would be a summons awaiting him from a patient at the Zambesi Industrial Mission, involving a trudge in the dark of some ten to fourteen miles. This went on year after year!

After Dr. Scott's marriage in 1892, his house became a hospital, with his wife as nurse, and the light-hearted doctor was seldom without some sick European inmate, added to a tremendous practice among the natives. One day there were sixty-eight cases.

It is impossible to give in further detail the varied and marvellous activities of those years. It was found necessary in 1894 to send home his dear wife and little daughter, but like a soldier he stuck to his post and he never saw them more. His habitual cheerfulness never forsook him, but two years after that vigorous frame, seemingly strong and sound as ever, suddenly succumbed to an acute attack of malarial fever, and not only the mission but the whole country was left sadder and poorer by his loss. Scotland has sent out many grand missionaries, but Dr. Scott seems to have been 'in genius, character, and devotion second to none.'

The fresh springs of this devotion were found in God. In youth he gave a morning half hour to prayer, and he wrote 'I find that as time goes on half an hour is far too little. We must give God time to speak to us if we want to learn of him. Ever since I gave more time to prayer, preaching, which as you know was like murder to me, has become a delight.'

Let us take as the lesson of Dr. Scott's life for us the words which he wrote in regard to the 'awful solemnity' of his ordination vows: 'I believe that every Christian is under exactly the same vows.' His noble example, if made widely known, may set forward the service of the Kingdom as efficiently as a longer earthly life.

Interesting Children in Missions.

(By Mrs. E. F. Clark, in 'Christian Endeavor World.')

A young mother asks, 'How can I interest my little boys in missions?'

I have just received from an older mother a story of her own home life, and because I believe you could get a hint from it I am going to quote a part of it right here.

'A package was being made up for a home missionary. It had been talked over in the family, and each child had selected some little gift to be sent, and at last the mother suggested to little Kittie that she should send her favorite book, the 'Songs for the Little Ones at Home.' This was in the days when children's books were scarce, and this little book had been the daily companion of all the seven, and the nightly bedfellow of little Kittie, who liked nothing better than to sing to the book, as she hugged it, one of its favorite little songs,—

'"Now go to sleep, dolly, in mother's own lap."

'After hesitating a little, they all agreed to give up their right to the book, till I came to little Kittie. She was sitting as usual with the book in her hand. When I asked, 'Are you willing, my dear, to send the little song-book away off to those children who have so little?' "What! not my own little dolly book?" exclaimed the grieved child, the tears beginning to start.

'"Yes," said I, "I meant your own little dolly book. They have no little books like yours there, and their mother cannot buy them any. Now you have your A B C book and your primer; and then you have great Susie, you know; and you can rock her in your little cradle, instead of the book. The others are all willing, and won't you be willing, too?"

'"They may have Susie," she answered pleadingly. Poor little one, if I asked for any or all of her other books, she would have consented. Even Susie, the great rag baby, could have been given up without a tear. But after a little more wavering she summoned all her resolution, and said, 'Now, mother, you may have my dolly book; but may I look once more at 'Little brother, darling boy,' and 'Hush, my dear,' and 'Thank you, thank you, pretty cow?'"

'Finally, with a few tears and kisses she bade good-by to Dolly, Birdie, and Rover, and all; and the brown paper cover was removed, and the bright blue covers were clean and new to send away; and Kittie bravely smiled through her tears as the package was sent away.'

I cannot give you the rest of the story; but I was glad, as I read it, to know that some months later little Kittie had a present of a new dolly book.

Now this sounds to us like rather heroic treatment, and I am not sure how many mothers of to-day would try it, but surely we can at least get a hint from this mother. Next time your church is preparing a home-missionary barrel, find out all you can about the people to whom it is going. Then tell the story as graphically as possible to your small boys. Let them realize how many things home missionaries have to do without, and their little hearts will be easily touched if your own is moved. Let the boys give what you think best of their own playthings and toys, if they are good and pretty, not broken ones; and then let them make some little sacrifice to put in something new which they earned themselves.

Tell them, perhaps once a week, as a special Sunday treat, an interesting missionary story, home or foreign; sometimes illustrating it with pictures, and sometimes building with their blocks. You will find plenty of material for these stories in your missionary magazines; and, if you take pains to learn your story well and and tell it vividly, you will find your audience as interested as you are. Let each boy have a mite-box of his own, and give something regularly, if it is only a penny a week, and as often as possible let them drop in a special gift, and tell them stories of the people to whom the money goes. So, giving to missions, studying the work, praying for the workers, how can they help being interested? Try it, and keep on trying.

How to Study.

Before beginning a book it is well to look carefully through the table of contents and to learn all that we can about the general design of the author, the method he has followed, the relations between the various topics he has discussed, and the various arguments on which he has relied. After finishing the book, we should repeat the process. We should look at the book as a whole, and piece together all its parts. When we are trying to master the geography of a country, we place vividly before our minds the mountains which run through it and fix the watersheds. These determine the courses of the river. Then we picture to ourselves the outline of the coast. Then we distribute the mining districts. The physical features of the country suggest its natural political boundaries. The navigable rivers, the harbors, the mines determine the sites where the great towns are naturally built; and these again determine the principal lines of communication—the roads, the canals, and the railways. It is in this way, and only in this way, that we can get a complete and organic conception of the geography of a country and we must adopt a similar method if we are to get a complete and organic conception of the contents of a book. Everything worth reading with any care may be treated in this way—an epic poem, as well as a philosophical discussion; a tragedy, as well as a theological argument; an impassioned lyric, as well as a sermon; the story of a campaign, as well as the decrees of a council and the articles of a confession of faith. If you acquire the power of grasping firmly and as a whole what other men have thought and written you will find it far easier to grasp in the same way what you have thought and written yourselves. And this intellectual mastery of a subject is necessary to the clear and effective exposition of it.—Dr. R. W. Dale.

A Philosopher's Conversion.

In a certain house a servant girl was the only Christian. Her master was a learned scholar and a philosopher, but without any hope of a future life. During an illness he was waited upon by his Christian servant, who was much concerned about her master's salvation. One night, sitting up with him, and supposing him to be asleep, she kneeled down and prayed for him. The man was lying awake, and asked what she was doing. She told him she was praying to God to save him. Touched by the faithful creature's interest, the philosopher talked with her about her faith, and, being unable to sleep, continued the conversation for over an hour, interesting himself with the simple gospel that satisfied her. The servant dwelt upon the power of Christ to save all who trust in him. 'Ay,' said the philosopher, 'he may have the power to save, but is he willing?' The servant smiled with a faith the philosopher had not reached. She answered, 'Do you think he would have died for us if he were not more than willing?' The master had to acknowledge that her reasoning was sound.

A Powerful Name.

When John Howard wanted to visit the prisons of Russia, he sought an interview with the Czar, who gave him permission to visit any prison in his kingdom. He knew how jealously the prisoners were guarded, and how averse the gaolers were to permit any one to visit them, yet he set out in perfect confidence. When he arrived at a prison he made application, fully prepared for the refusal which invariably came. Then he produced the Czar's mandate, and the prison doors immediately opened to him. He had faith in that name, and it was justified by results.—'Biblical Illustrator.'

The workers in four churches in a Virginia town of about one thousand five hundred inhabitants own and use to great advantage a gospel waggon, with which they go out into the surrounding country towns and hold outdoor meetings, attracting many of those living at a distance from churches or prejudiced against churches. Many conversions have resulted and the meetings have been greatly strengthened in consequence.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Forbid Them Not.

(By Mrs. McNaughton.)

Tom and Mary are standing in the firelight in the nursery. It is the eve of their birthday. They have only one birthday between them, for they are twins. To-morrow they will be thirteen — their first 'teen.' They feel that this birthday marks an era in their lives.

'I think we ought to do something really important to-morrow,' said Mary.

'It ought to be something that would affect our whole life,' replied Tom.

'And nothing childish,' added Mary. 'You know, Tom, that to-morrow we shall be nearly grown up.'

'What shall it be, then?' asked Tom.

'I think, Tom, dear,' said she, softly, 'that the best thing we could do would be to give our hearts to Jesus. Shall we?'

'I will, if you will,' replied Tom.

'Then we will,' said Mary, solemnly.

'Please, may Bertie, too?' broke in a little voice. The door had opened softly, and a little figure had crept in unseen into the dusky room. Tom and Mary were almost startled by the childish voice.

'I want to give my heart to Jesus, too,' he went on.

'Well, you can't,' replied Mary, 'you're too little.'

'I'se rather a big boy now, for five, Uncle John said so,' he replied.

'You'll need to learn a little grammar, at any rate, Bertie,' said Tom.

'But I does want to give my heart to Jesus now,' he pleaded. 'Please may I.'

'No, you can't, Bertie. You are much too little.'

'How big will I need to be?' he asked again.

'I don't know, exactly—perhaps as big as Tom,' replied Mary.

'Please, Mary,' said Bertie—for, if grammar was his weak point, politeness was his strong one — 'I can't wait. I want to give my heart to Jesus just now.'

'Well, you can't; so say no more about it.'

Poor little boy! It was no use to talk to his brother and sister any more on the matter. Did Jesus want only big boys and girls? Would he not like just one little boy?

What a busy day was the birthday! Presents of all sorts and sizes for the happy twins. Then, later in the day, was the birthday party. Did anyone have so many cousins and friends as Tom and Mary? Most welcome of all was Uncle John. A poor sort of party it would have been without him. He was always so merry—no one left out in the cold—no time to 'wonder what we can do next' when Uncle John was there.

How happy and bright they all are! Bertie seems as joyous as if it were his own birthday. The day has been so full of interest that he has not once thought of the talk of last evening. But now, as he looks at Tom and Mary, he thinks the reason that they are so happy is because they have given their hearts to Jesus. How glad they must be that they are thirteen years old! Must he wait until he is thirteen before Jesus will take his heart? Perhaps ten would be old enough. Why not ask Uncle John?

At length Bertie finds his uncle in a quiet corner.

'Uncle John, please may I ask you something?'

'Of course you may, Bertie—a dozen questions if you like.'

'How big have boys to be before Jesus will take them?'

Uncle John's arm was round Bertie's shoulder, and he was drawn a little closer. The face that looked down upon the laddie softened.

'I had a wee girlie once, Bertie, and she was only half as old as you are when Jesus took her. Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."'

Bertie thought he saw a big tear on Uncle John's cheek.

'And did Jesus say—little?' asked Bertie.

'Yes, Jesus said the "little children."'

'I am so glad,' began Bertie, 'because——'

'Uncle John! Uncle John! We all want you,' chimed in a chorus of voices. So the quiet talk was ended.

Bertie was the first to wake in the morning, perhaps because he was the first asleep. Before the party was quite over Bertie's eyelids wanted to close. He winked them very fast to wake them up, but soon they drooped again and shut themselves up quite tight. So, happy and sleepy, he was quietly carried off to bed.

Now he was dressed, and nurse had given him his breakfast, but Tom and Mary were not yet awake. Bertie was growing weary of waiting for them. He wanted to tell them that he, too, was to be one of the Lord's children, because he had said, 'little children.'

'Nurse, please how long will they be?' he asked.

'I really don't know. They went to bed so late last night,' said the nurse.

'I'se something very 'portant to tell them, nurse,' he went on. 'I do wish they would be quick.'

The time seemed very long to the little boy. He was so full of his glad news. He began to wonder if boys and girls ever slept all day after a birthday party.

'What's the important news, Bertie?' asked Tom and Mary, coming into the nursery suddenly.

'I'se so glad you's come,' said Bertie, his eyes sparkling for joy.

'I want to tell you Jesus wants little boys, 'cause he said, "Little children, come unto me." Isn't you glad?'

'You mean,' said Tom, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

'Yes,' replied Bertie, nodding his little bright head, 'that's it.'

'That does not mean you, Bertie,' said

Kissed His Mother.

She sat in the porch in the sunshine
  As I went down the street—
A woman whose hair was silver,
  But whose face was blossom sweet,
Making me think of a garden,
  When, in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
  Late fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
  And the sound of a merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from
  Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and the hour of trouble,
  Hopeful and brave and strong—
One of the hearts to lean on
  When we think all things are wrong.

He went up the pathway singing;
  I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
  As sunshine warms the skies.
'Back again, sweetheart mother,'
  He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
  For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;
  I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
  Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts
  Since time and earth began;
And the boy who kisses his mother
  Is every inch a man.

—'Children's Treasury.'

Mary. 'It means little boys and girls who die and go to heaven.'

'Yes,' added Tom, 'for the text says, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." They always put it on the gravestones where boys and girls are buried.'

'Yes,' said Mary, again, 'it only means little boys and girls who die and go away to heaven.'

'But Uncle John said that Jesus took his little girl.'

'Yes, but she died, Bertie,' said Mary.

The sweet face grew clouded and sad. All the glad joy was gone.

Poor wee Bertie! He could not quite understand. Jesus had said he wanted little boys and girls. Tom and Mary said that he meant after they had died. What was it to die? Perhaps, he could do it if he only knew properly what it meant. Then Jesus would have him for one of his children.

In the afternoon Tom and Mary went out in the garden to help each other to learn to ride their new bicycles, which their father had given them on their birthday. Bertie was trying to build palaces with his wooden bricks, while nurse sat sewing. Presently he forgets his bricks and his plans for building.

'Please, nurse, what do boys do when they die?'

'They don't do anything,' replied nurse, surprised by the question. 'They just lie still and keep their eyes closed. They don't even talk.'

'That's only going to sleep,' objected Bertie.

'Oh, no! They are too cold to be asleep,' replied nurse.

'Won't they wake up again?' asked Bertie.

'No, they never wake again.'

'But what do they do, if they grow hungry?' he asked.

'They never feel hungry,' said Nurse. 'My dearie does not understand. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall there be any pain." They are with Jesus.'

Bertie was strangely quiet during the rest of the evening. Next morning he was early awake. He lies very still in his little bed, but his mind is very busy. Then he sits up in bed, and pushes the clothes all down to the foot; saying softly to himself: 'Nurse said that they were cold, but they did not feel so, because they go to be with Jesus.'

He lies down again. 'Now, I think I can do it. Lie still—don't talk—and keep my eyes closed.'

Presently nurse comes in. 'It's time to get up, Bertie.'

But there is no response from the little form on the bed. She bends over him, and sees the eyelids all puckered up into circles of wrinkles.

'Ah! you are not asleep. Come now, and let me dress you.'

Still he neither moves nor speaks.

'Very well, you will want to get up presently,' and she draws the bed-clothes over him again.

Silently, and with still closed eyes Bertie pushes them down again.

'What's the matter with the child?' exclaims the nurse.

Tom and Mary come in, and, half afraid that Bertie is ill, run down to tell their father.

'What is all this about, my wee son?' asks the father gently, while Tom and Mary, and the nurse stand looking on.

'Please, father, don't make me talk, 'cause I'se trying to die. It is such a long time to wait until I'se as big as Tom. And Jesus will have quite little boys if they die. And, if you lie still and don't talk, soon you's with Jesus.'

'And does my little boy want to belong to Jesus so much as that?' asked the father.

'Yes, father, I does.'

'Come, Bertie, and let me have a talk with you,' and his father's strong arms lifted him up out of bed. 'Jesus wants boys and girls as little as little can be, to give their hearts to him, and love him now on earth. You don't need to die, my child. Jesus said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me."'

'But, father,' said Tom, the bible says, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." So it must be *after* they die.'

'Ah, Tom! Don't you know that the kingdom of heaven is where Jesus is king? If Jesus is king in your heart that is part of the kingdom of heaven. "The kingdom of heaven is within you," Jesus said. So, Bertie, you can give your heart to Jesus just now, and begin to love him and let him be your king all your days. Try to live for Jesus instead of dying.'

And Bertie did give his heart to Jesus that day. Jesus became his king. Happy Bertie! The loving Saviour filled his little heart with joy and peace, and he now knew that Jesus meant exactly what he said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'—'The Presbyterian.'

Sent Down.

A TRUE STORY.

I fear I am rather a poor hand at telling a story; indeed, the dear old pater used to say when I was a child, 'What's the use of spending money on having the boy taught Greek and Latin, when he can't write a decent letter in his own language?' Still I mean to put it in black and white how I came to be 'sent down' in my third term at the 'Varsity, and how I have come to be a temperance man.

I sometimes hear it said of me, 'That odd fellow Vaughan has got a new fad. He's wild on the teetotal craze—the last thing one would ever have expected. Isn't it a joke?' It is so far from being a joke to me, however, that I would have given all I possess to have signed the temperance pledge a year ago, for it would not only have saved me from disgrace and rustication, and the old people from consequent disappointment and shame, but would have prevented my ruining the career of the best fellow in the world. He was my great chum, Lionel Radford, we being undergrads together at Gamaliel College, Oxford, and coming from the same part of the country. But he was quite different from me, such a clever fellow, a year or two earlier, and destined for a clergyman. So that naturally he was graver and steadier than I, and being very dark, while I was fair and a good bit livelier, the other fellows nicknamed us 'Night and Day,' I wasn't one of the wild ones, and Radford took care that I shouldn't get into a fast set, but I was never a great hand at grinding, and used to go in for plenty of amusement. Neither Radford nor I were temperance men; we used to sneer at the Blue Ribboners, and call them 'water babies,' but all the same we were steady men, and prided ourselves on never 'making beasts of ourselves,' as we termed it.

One evening, during my third term at Oxford, one of the Gamaliol men gave a 'wine' in his rooms, Lionel Radford and I being of the party. That very day Radford had confided to me that his chief reason for keeping straight and working hard, was the thought of a certain pretty girl at home, and the resolve that when he had got his 'B.A.' he would speak to her. I knew her by sight and hearsay, and an awfully nice girl she was; so I wished him success with all my heart. You will say this has nothing to do with the 'wine.' But it has, for had we never gone to it, dear old Lionel might have been a married man by this time, instead of which he has had to give up all hopes of 'her,' you will soon see why.

When we entered our host's rooms, a lot of other fellows were already there, and we soon got pretty lively together, with a good deal of chaff and some sparring going on. The wine passed round freely—too freely, for Selby, (our host), was an extravagant fellow, and 'liked to do things well.' Anyhow, I took enough to make me excited and quarrelsome, though I knew what I was about, which is more than one or two of the others did. Radford did not like it, and wanted to leave; but, like a fool, I wouldn't hear of it, and because he told me plainly that I had had as much as was good for me, and had better stop, I got angry with him and called to him across the table to shut up.

The wine had got into my head, and I felt half-mad, so when Radford again tried to persuade me to leave I lost all control, and snatching up the nearest missile threw it at his face.

How can I describe what followed? The shock, the horror, sobered us all completely, and has made me a saddened man for life. For what I had thrown so recklessly was a fork, and the prongs went straight into one of Radford's eyes. Never shall I forget his agony and our terror!

After weeks of untold suffering, poor Radford recovered from a severe illness (caused by the shock), the wreck of his former self. His eyesight was completely gone for the uninjured eye went blind through sympathy, his future career was ruined, and his prospects of marriage blighted. Meanwhile, I had been 'sent down' by the authorities and was for a long time in a perfect frenzy of misery and remorse.

Now Gamaliel knows me no more, and my old companions look askance at me, while those who don't know my story think me 'a very queer sort of fellow, don't you know!' Of all my chums there is only one who has not grown colder, and who do you think this is? None other than Lionel Radford himself, who not only bears no malice for the irreparable injury I have inflicted on him, but tries to comfort me and even blames himself for what was my fault. 'A prospective clergyman has no business,' he says, 'to be at wine parties. You mustn't take it to heart so, old chap; you never meant to hurt me, I know, and you did not notice what you picked up.'

I can not bear him to go on so, for I do not deserve it; but, he is a noble fellow. And when I signed the pledge a month ago, he insisted on signing too, and as I guided his hand over the paper I vowed before God that I would do everything in my power to save other young men from the pit into which I had fallen. And that is the reason why I have told my story.—T. D., in 'Temperance Record.'

Two bibles only will suffice for one-half the human race. One of these is the grand old English bible and the other is the bible in Chinese. Versions of the bible in more than three hundred and fifty languages and dialects must be made to supply the other half of the world. With the great English and Chinese speaking peoples united, what effective opposition could be offered? With China joined to the Christian forces of the world, how little would remain to be conquered for Christ ! — 'Baptist Missionary Magazine.'

The Converted Ghost.

(By Lizzie Garbett, in the 'Christian Miscellany.')

It was during the winter of 1843 that the village of Oxton was aroused from its usual state of peaceful quietude into one of nervous excitement. It was whispered that as Tom Natriss (a steady young farmer) was returning on a certain Monday night from a neighboring village, he had seen an awful apparition; a white, ghastly figure which had suddenly appeared before him, waved its arms, groaned, and then vanished as strangely as it had appeared.

Poor Tom was considerably shaken when he reached his home, and of course the story was known from one end of the village to the other by dinner-time the next day.

The excitement increased when, on the following night, the creature was seen by two servant maids returning home after a night out, and their hysterical account of its appearance and behaviour was similar to that of Tom Natriss. But matters grew serious when Farmer Rogers saw it, and declared that the first chance he got he should put a bullet into it.

As he kept watch in the lonely lane where it had been seen, and the 'ghost' took a fancy to explore the other side of the village, the suspicions of the more enlightened minds of Oxton were naturally confirmed that it was someone who was having in his own way 'a joke,' and not, as old Jamie Foster, the shoemaker, declared it to be, the restless spirit of a man who, some twenty years before, had been found dead under mysterious circumstances in that very lane.

Now Methodism was prospering in Oxton during that winter, and I trust it is so yet. A revival had broken out; many were turning to the living God, and the services and meetings were marked by a spirit of great earnestness and power; perhaps none more so than the class-meetings conducted by Benjamin Wendale, and on the following Monday night, after the 'ghost' first made its appearance, the members had such a soul-stirring time that the meeting was considerably longer than the usual hour.

When at last the weekly pence were all paid, and the benediction pronounced, several of the friends volunteered to take their brightest member home. She was a tiny old lady with the sweetest face I have ever seen, who was always spoken of as 'Little Miss Jane,' and I do not think anyone in the whole village was more beloved and respected than she.

As her way home was through a lonely lane where the apparition had recently been seen, they hardly thought it was wise to let her return alone. But she assured them that she was not in the smallest degree afraid, and that the Lord would take care of her; then, with her sweet smile, she bade 'good-night' to them all and tripped away.

Now the night was very dark, the moon was hidden by masses of black clouds; but Miss Jane was not at all afraid of either the darkness or the 'ghost,' for she had a shrewd suspicion as to who was playing the prank. She walked steadily homewards, her heart full of joy and peace, feeling quite prepared for anything she might see, and was about half-way on her journey, when, without the slightest word of warning, she found the tall, dreadful thing by her side. There was a brave heart and great soul in Miss Jane's little body. So, quietly turning, she said in her most pleasant voice, and it was pleasant: 'Good evening, friend; if you are going my way, I shall be much obliged if you will allow me to walk along with you, as this lane is so dark and lonely. Will you?'

I think the 'ghost' must certainly have been startled and confused, for it silently bowed its head with dignity and walked softly by her side.

'Thank you,' said the sweet voice again; 'that's very kind of you.' And as she spoke Miss Jane closely observed the strange white garments and face of her companion, and sent up a brief petition to her heavenly Father for help and guidance. Then she talked brightly to the figure, as if it had been an intimate friend, of the happy meeting she had just left, and of the joy of the Christian life, and her own joy and peace, and how thankful the members were to see so many seeking the Lord, until she reached her garden gate, which, by the way, the 'ghost' unlatched and held open for her.

Then she looked up at the fearful object beside her while her face beamed with tenderness and pity as she said: 'Good night, dear friend; thank you for taking care of an old woman like me. God bless you.' Then laying one hand gently upon the arm which held open the gate for her, and pointing upwards with the other, she said, 'I am going before very long to join the white-robed hosts who stand before my Saviour's throne; will you put off this false dress, and put on the true garments of righteousness and a pure life, and meet me there?'

Then a strange thing happened. The moon suddenly sent forth its bright rays between the dark clouds, and the little old lady, looking up into her strange companion's face, saw a pair of blue eyes swimming in tears and a mouth twitching in a very human manner.

Then, with a softly spoken 'good-night,' she went into her house, and the 'ghost' fled, and has never been seen again.

Miss Jane knew that her suspicions had been right when in the after-meeting on the next Sunday night in her beloved chapel, one of the wildest young men in the village walked bravely up to the penitent form, was soundly converted to God, and became one of her most devout friends.

A Sunday Bicycle Outing.

'You are old enough to decide for yourself, Harriet,' said Grandmother to a young girl one Saturday evening. 'To me the Sabbath is a day to be kept holy. I was taught to reverence it from my earliest childhood. To go off with a party for pleasure on that day would have been considered a most grave desecration in my girlhood.'

'Well, Grandmother, Alison Cornwall, is going, and she is a member of the church; if it is not wrong for her to go, it is certainly not wrong for me, for I make no professions of being religious, you know. Wallace Hunter is going, too, and he is a church member, so the girls say.'

'I would far rather you did not go my dear, but of course I can put no commands upon you.'

'A spin on the wheel is such a delightful way of getting about the country, Grandmother, and you know we shall not be here long.'

'Oh, those wheels, Harriet, what tempters they are! A young man almost ran over me last Sunday when I was crossing the road in front of the church lawn. It does seem so wicked for people to go off on their wheels to spend Sunday in riding about the country for pleasure, instead of going into the house of the Lord on his day, to honor him, as we are commanded to do.'

While this bit of conversation was going on between Harriet and her grandmother, a young girl sat on the porch of a cottage near by, turning over and over in her mind the same problem, whether it was right to take that proposed spin on her wheel the next day. She had never taken an outing for pleasure on the Lord's day. It was Alison Cornwall, the young friend Harriet had mentioned.

'I really do not think we ought to go to-morrow, if we are away from our own church,' spoke the young man, in a bicycle dress, who was standing by her side.

'I do not think there will be anything so very wrong about it, Wallace,' the young lady answered. 'It is not likely that anyone at home will know it. Of course I would not do such a thing there, neither would you, but we are in the country now for our health and pleasure, and our stay will soon be over.'

'If you haven't any conscientious scruples, Alison, I do not know why I should, so we will consider that matter settled. I will call for you at nine o'clock.' Alison Cornwall was such a bright, pretty girl, it would be a delight to be with her all day in the pleasant outing over the well-kept country roads. If she thought there was no harm in thus spending the Lord's day, why should he?

'Go? Why, of course I shall not go,' said Mabel Strong, as the young man stopped his wheel on the way to the hotel to ask if she were to make one of the party. 'I never went on a pleasure excursion on Sunday in all my life. I always go to church unless I am ill. Why cannot this be put off until a week day? I should be very glad to make one of your party then.'

'We are all away from home, you know, we church members, and you see how it is, we shall not be here long and no one where we live will be apt to know of our trip; we certainly do not care for the people here. We could not possibly have any influence over them.'

'I am not sure about that, Mr. Hunter. At all events, I shall not go. I should feel that I was doing a great wrong to the one to whom I profess to be a loyal disciple, my Lord and Master. Is Alison going?'

'Yes. I just left her on the cottage porch. She does not think there is any harm in our going.'

The young lady looked surprised at this answer, but it explained the position which Wallace Hunter had taken to defend himself. Such a great influence is wielded by a pretty, fascinating young woman. Ah! if all such only realized their power for right or wrong.

A more beautiful Sunday morning never dawned than the one selected for the outing.

'Grandmother was very much opposed to my going,' said Harriet Goodwin, as the party wheeled up to the farm-house where she was in waiting. 'She was brought up in the old Puritan way, you know. I told her, Alison, that if you did not think it wrong to go on Sunday, I certainly need not, That settled it.'

It was a thrust that went home to Alison's soul. The question came to her again and again, as she sped along the way, 'What doest thou here, Elijah?'

'How very distrait Wallace Hunter is to-day,' said one of the young men to his companion. 'He is always so jolly.'

Ah, he too, was hearing the still, small voice asking, 'What doest thou here, Elijah?' There were three of the party who had never had any religious home training regarding the Sabbath. It had been the custom of their parents to use that day as a family holiday. They spoke jestingly of those who reverenced the day and expressed themselves as glad that the biblical traditions were being put aside as fallacies. And, as for church members, they were no better than people out of the church.

'If I had only listened to the still, small voice, and not have dishonored my Lord in this way, how happy I should have been," was Alison's thought, as the party wheeled back into the village again at nightfall. When she was alone in her room she realiz-

ed what her influence over her young companions had been. Kneeling down before the throne she prayed for forgiveness. She felt as if she had denied her Lord, as Peter did, and the tears of true repentance filled her eyes. Before she went to sleep she wrote a note to Wallace Hunter, and told him how sorry she was that she had been the means of leading him to do what was wrong. And a contrite note was also written to her friend Harriet. The remembrance of that Sunday outing is not a joy to her heart, but a sorrow. We do not realize how great our influence is over others, wherever we are. 'A child can throw a pebble into the water, but the wisest man cannot say where the wave it sets in motion will be stilled.' It is a light matter to fling off actions and words into the world, but a hard one to know where their influence shall cease to act.—'Evangelist.'

Woman's Work.

HOW SYBIL HELPED.

A moment before this little story begins Sybil Anderson had thrown open the windows and blinds, and the early morning sunshine was flooding her dainty chamber. She stood now at her desk with a puzzled expression on her pretty young face, and in her hand a slip of paper, which she had torn from her Phillips Brooks calendar. She had just read these words:—

'If you put out your hand and take the task which is certainly waiting for you, then instantly your high emotions know their place, They turn themselves to motives.'

Before she had time to grasp the thought, the breakfast bell rang, and she ran quickly downstairs, saying to herself as she slipped the paper into her pocket: 'I will ask mother about it.'

When the little pause which came after breakfast was over, and her father and the younger children had started for business and school, Sybil put the quotation in her mother's hand.

'Read that, mother dear, and talk to me a little about it.'

A quick smile of sympathetic comprehension passed over Mrs. Anderson's face as she read, but was soon succeeded by a look of grave thoughtfulness.

'A very practical thought, dear. I think the wise man has touched here the very secret of much of the failure in our Christian lives. We are so often content with our emotions in themselves, and do not seek to give them their true place as motives. We feel much, and perhaps talk well, then the impulse dies, and we either do nothing, or, worse still, indulge in actions which are utterly inconsistent with both feeling and speech, and seem to prove that neither were genuine.'

As Sybil rose and kissed her sweet-faced mother, with a warm glow of love in her heart, she determined, at least, to make that emotion a motive at once, by trying to do more cheerfully and faithfully, the duties which devolved upon her in the home, and through the day to look earnestly for opportunities of service of the Master to whom she had given her young life.

That very afternoon was the one appointed for the annual meeting of the W.F.M.S., and the president, Mrs. Dunham, had made a great effort to have a large and interested meeting. A missionary from China had been secured to speak, postal cards had been sent to every one of the fifty members of the society, a notice had been read from the pulpit inviting all, and tea was to be served at five.

Mrs. Dunham had opened her large and beautiful parlors, and it seemed as if no persuasion would be necessary to induce people to accept so pleasant an invitation. But, alas, there were not many people in the large and flourishing church who were deeply interested in missions, and when the hour came to open the meeting, Mrs. Dunham saw that, although it might be interesting, it certainly would not be large, and she determined when the right time came to speak out her mind.

The missionary from China was one who had been on the field for many years. Her pale face had the look of peace and serenity which often comes to those who have devoted their lives to a great cause, and lighted up with a holy enthusiasm as she spoke of the privilege of work among those who know nothing of a merciful Heavenly Father, and told of some of the triumphs already achieved.

Then, reversing the picture, she spoke of the terrible need, of the degraded, wretched lives of the heathen women, and closed with a fervent appeal for increased activity among the women in the home churches.

Sybil who had come to the meeting at her mother's request, listened intently, with her heart filled with sorrow and pity, and tears falling from her eyes as she strove to control herself. The thought she had read in the morning, and her mother's helpful words came to her, and she prayed fervently in her heart: 'Lord, turn these emotions into motives, and show me the next thing now.'

As the speaker finished, Mrs. Dunham rose and said earnestly:—

'For a long time I have been thinking that we ought to make an effort to increase the membership and interest in our society, and it seems to me that now is the time to begin. I have a plan which I think is the only one likely to succeed, but it means some self-denial and a good deal of systematic work. With mite-boxes and direct personal contact, as to house visitation, I do believe we could gain the co-operation of many women whom we could not in any way we have yet tried, induce to attend a meeting, and who are not enlisted in this work simply because they know little or nothing of it. A friendly call, mite-box in hand, and two or three bright leaflets—"Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box," of course, among them — would, I feel sure, meet with some response. While our hearts are still thrilled by the story we have heard to-day, let me ask for helpers in this work.'

There was an instant's pause, and then Sybil rose quickly in her seat.

'Mrs. Dunham, I believe that if you would help and direct us, that we girls could do that work. I am sure I could get several to help, and I should so like to do something to show my love and sympathy for the poor women and girls of whom Miss Alston has told us.'

Mrs. Dunham's eyes glistened as she saw Sybil's earnest face flushed with her little effort, and noted the quiver in her voice.

'I believe you could, Sybil, dear, and if you will bring five girls to my house on Monday afternoon, we will talk it over.'

Aided by her wise mother, Sybil chose the girls with intelligence and tact. In her simple, girlish way she told them of the meeting she had attended, repeated much of what Miss Alston had said, and then, hesitatingly, for it was hard for Sybil to speak of her deepest feelings, told them how the words of her calendar had influenced her to do what she could to help. 'And, now, girls,' she said, 'I want you to volunteer to do some of this work, and go with me to Mrs. Dunham's for orders on Monday afternoon.' Don't say "no," please, but let us try at least, and see what we can do.'

Some demurred at first, but her enthusiasm was contagious, and at the appointed time the six met in Mrs. Dunham's library.

In the meantime, Mrs. Dunham had obtained from the pastor, who entered heartily into the project, a list of the names of all the women in the church. This she had studied carefully, and had selected from it about one hundred and twenty-five names, trying whenever possible to choose those who were not very actively engaged in any form of church work. This revised list was now divided among the six girls, each taking as far as possible the names of those living in the same neighborhood. With a very tender, earnest prayer for them, and for the success of their work, Mrs. Dunham bade them God-speed, and they left with a promise to report at the next meeting in three months.

What was the result? To the astonishment of everyone, except Mrs. Dunham and the girls themselves, nearly one hundred new members were added, and, better than all, a degree of interest had been created in the hearts of many who before had been indifferent or neglectful. The girls reported that, introducing themselves always as Mrs. Dunham's helpers, and commissioned by her, they had in nearly every home received a warm welcome and met with a hearty response. The attractive little mite-boxes won their own way, and very few felt too poor to promise the two cents a week.

There had been some rebuff of course, from those who 'did not believe in foreign missions,' but on the whole the work had been a delightful one, bringing with it a rich reward in their own hearts and lives.

Each one gladly agreed to keep her list, and at the end of the year to collect the boxes, and also to endeavor through the year to urge their members to attend the meetings, and so in some slight way give themselves as well as their money to the work.

One of the ladies whose heart was full of zeal for the cause was appointed to call on any strangers who should attend the church, and give them a cordial invitation to become members of the Auxiliary. So the work will go on through the year, and result, it is confidently hoped, in still greater gain to the Society, and in no small degree contribute in every way to the better life of the church.—'Woman's Missionary Friend.'

Thrice Happy.

He was a little ragged waif, living in a village of southern Kentucky. A stranger to actual comfort, it is not to be supposed that he was very familiar with the pleasures of life. One Christmas Eve he was standing before a shop window with his lean little face pressed against the pane, devouring with hungry eyes the beautiful display within.

There was a lady in the shop, deeply engaged in purchasing gifts for her small nieces and nephews She saw the waif at the window—ragged, half-clad, and without doubt, half-starved as well.

'Prudence,' said she, in speaking of the matter afterward, 'might have suggested food and clothes. But another idea had taken possession of me. I determined then and there that the boy should know the blessedness of happy childhood for one Christmas at all events.'

On the impulse she called him in. Toys, a waggon, an iron horse with a flying driver madly sounding a fire-alarm, a drum with gilded sticks, a tin horn, a pack of firecrackers, things which his poverty-blinded eyes had never before looked upon in the light of real possession, were put into his hands.

'There was a kind of awe in his solemn,

earnest eyes,' said the lady, 'as though the joy of possession had stricken him dumb.

'It was the day after Christmas that I came upon him again, hanging about the streets with that same old look of a beggar about him. That is, all but his eyes; they, I think, were never quite the same again. They fairly shone when he lifted them to my face in recognition. "Good-morning, Joe," said I. "What have you done with your toys?"

'Imagine my surprise when he said, "I give 'em to Jack Porter, the colored boy, over yonder to Scruff Town."

'"What?" said I, "you have given them all away? All your beautiful toys?" He was silent a moment, and then his ragged little face glowed as he replied:

'"I had 'em; I had 'em a whole day. I ain't got 'em any more, but I had 'em, anyhow."'

He was the proud possessor of three pleasures: that of receiving, of giving, and the ever-blessed pleasure of a happy memory.—Will Allen Dromgoole, in 'Youth's Companion.'

Sound the clarion! Sound the clarion!
Cowards leave behind,
Sweep ye down upon the foeman
Like the rushing wind;
Grapple with the powers of darkness,
Alcohol overthrow;
Help the Lord against the mighty,
Lay the tyrant low.

Correspondence

JUBILEE DAY.

Elmvale.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about two miles away from Elmvale. We got a new bell up in our school the other day and our teacher rings it at half-past eight every morning. In this month every year we go gathering lilies in the neighboring bush.

I have four sisters and no brothers. We go to Sunday-school, and get the 'Northern Messenger,' which we enjoy reading.

During the last three Sundays our church has taken up a collection for the missionaries, and I hope they had success. We had a lady missionary here a few weeks ago, from a foreign country.

A year ago I went to Toronto where I had a very pleasant time. I saw the people performing the way they did in England on Jubilee Day. The Queen and the Royal family were in a carriage and there were eight white horses drawing them around, a lot of soldiers also marched. The whole was very beautiful. Then we saw the fire-works and John Bull. Yours truly,

JENNIE,
Age thirteen.

Voss, North Dakota.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and I think it is a lovely paper especially the Correspondence and Little Folks' pages. We are going to get a wheel.

We had a nice time on Arbor Day. We ate our picnic dinner at school.

Our Sunday-school is not started yet, but when it is I will be ready to go. I have just one pet, and that is a lazy cat.

GRACIE,
Age ten years.

OREGON.

Monmouth, Oregon.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old. I was born in the southern part of Nebraska, in about the centre of Nuckolls County.

When I was seven years old we came west to Oregon. We live in the country, about three and one-half miles west of Monmouth. The Oregon State Normal School is in Monmouth.

I like the country better than I do the city. I have been to the ocean once. I think it is grand.

The Willamette Valley is a hop-growing country. Almost everybody goes hop-picking.

There are young prune orchards all through the country, besides a great many apples, pears, plums, and other kinds of fruit.

The land along the Willamette River is very fertile, but most of that in the foothills is not so good.

KATIE.

A PRINTING PRESS.

Blissville.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old. I live in a very pretty valley. My elder brother, two years my senior, and myself, have a printing press, from Baltimore, and intend publishing a paper, which we will call the 'Climax.'

My brother has taken the 'Messenger' for five years, and likes it very much. My favorite authors are Pansy, Barrie, and Ian Maclaren.

STANLEY.

River Charles.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Messenger' for two years, and we like it very well. I have three pets, a dog and two cats. I had two pet rabbits but the cat killed one, and the other ran away. I caught two birds, but let them go again. I get your paper on Sunday. I was eleven years old the last of September.

Luther, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father has taken the 'Northern Messenger' for about twenty years. I like to read the Correspondence.

I went to school when I was six years old. I can go to school every day when I am well as the school is on the farm on which we live. My teacher is a lady, and she is very kind to me. In sugaring time my brother was busy making maple syrup, he tapped eighty trees. My mother has made some taffy and sugar for us.

I have five brothers and two sisters, and I am the youngest. I have only two pets, they are both cats, Tom and Tiny. Yours truly,

ALICK.

Coverdale.

Dear Editor,—I always look forward with delight to Friday's mail, for it brings the 'Messenger.' I go to Sabbath-school, of which papa is superintendent. It is the only 'ever-green school' in the parish. We would miss it very much if it should close during the winter season. I think it as unreasonable to close Sabbath-school in winter as it would be to close the day school. My father is a farmer. I have one sister older than I, and one brother younger. His name is Fred. He has two pet lambs, one he calls Billy, the other Jennie.

From your eleven year old subscriber,

LENNY.

Chilliwack, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old. I have a cat, her name is Topsey. My mother has a dog, Carlo. He likes to play with us. I have four brothers, and three sisters. I have a pony. I ride him to school. When I am sick he has a holiday. I have a dear little baby sister. She is two years old. She can run about the house and yard. Mother is afraid to let her go near the stables,

MAGGIE.

Owen Sound, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday-school every Sunday. I like it very much, especially the letters. We have a small library, and there are very nice books. We are thinking about having a concert to get a larger library. My mother is a nurse in the hospital in Owen Sound. I board at my uncle's. We have debates in our school once a week, and I sing at them, and my sister swings clubs. We live about three miles out of town. My uncle has a little girl, she is two years old. I have taught her to recite and sing. She is a very mischievous little pet. She is the only pet I have.

MINNIE.
Age ten years.

Upper Charlo, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and I like it very much. I always look ahead to Saturday, for that is the day I get it.

I am eleven years old. I go to Sunday-school in summer, but the building we hold our meetings in is too cold to use in winter. I am an associate member of the Christian Endeavor.

As I live on a farm I have a lot of pets. I have a big cat and a dog. The cat is grey and white, and the dog is black and curly, they are both very kind. We keep two horses and a lot of cows and sheep. I keep a pet lamb almost every summer, last summer it was killed on the railway. I was awfully sorry. I hope if I keep one next summer it will grow to be a sheep.

Our settlement is on the Baie de Chaleur, it is quite a pretty place, everybody is fishing smelt this winter. They fish in little houses on the ice. Papa says he remembers getting the 'Messenger' in Sunday-school when he was a little boy, and he always wants to read it on Sunday. Your little friend,

WILLIAMINA.

Drumbo, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am going to tell you about my Sunday-school class. I am ten years old. There are no boys in my class and the girls are all about my age. We have named our class 'Watchful Helpers,' and we all do our best watching for some little acts of kindness, which we can do to help others. We are very much interested in missionary work. I like to read and study about missionaries. Each one in my class gives one cent, or sometimes more, every month towards missions. We did it last year, and being very much encouraged at the end of the year, when we counted up our money, we are continuing it this year. The money we raised last year we sent to Cuba, where we read of so many poor people starving. I am sure we will not miss our few cents but hope that they may do somebody some good, and also hope there are other classes which do not forget the poor people. I live out in the country on a farm, about half a mile from the church and school.

ETHEL B.

Mount Denison.

Dear Editor,—Papa has been a reader of the 'Messenger' for over thirty years. Most of that time it came in the name of a boy that papa brought up. The little fellow's mother died, and papa took him. He is now a gunner in the Royal Artillery, and is in some foreign country. We also take the 'Witness.' Papa has been a reader of it for twenty-seven years. I am thirteen, stand four feet eleven inches in my stockings and quite stout. I saw and split wood; and the last two winters I have gone into the woods and helped to cut it. We keep two cows; I feed and water them. I also milk and attend the barn. I go to school, and Sabbath-school. We have concerts in our Sabbath-school sometimes, and my two sisters and I always help in the recitations and singing, and sometimes mamma helps. I am the only boy in our family. I have a Skye terrier dog. He is called Sailor. When he is a little way off we cannot tell which end is the head. He is a funny-looking dog. We live on high land, and can see across the river, and for miles up and down. In summer the vessels go up and down, and two tugs are kept busy. We formed a Boys' Union. Our pledge forbids the use of liquor or tobacco in any form. I do not know what liquor is to taste it.

I hope all the readers of the 'Messenger' will live a Christian life,

FRASER.

Franktown.

Dear Editor,—I have no pets except my little brothers and sisters. I have a little baby sister. I have taken the 'Messenger' for three years. We enjoy reading it very much. We live on a farm about a mile from town. My mother is not strong and I have to take charge of the work. I have to bake bread, cakes, and the like. I do the washing, ironing, churning and other necessary work to be done on a farm, but I always find time to read the 'Messenger.' I wonder if some of the little girls would like to be in my place.

ELEANOR,
Age fourteen years.

Dear Editor,—This is a very nice place in the summer time, there is a nice breakwater here. In summer very large vessels come in to load stone. There is a stone quarry right by the wharf, and a very large mill, which saws the stone. I have a very nice time helping my father to fish lobsters and codfish. In winter it is very cold here.

WILFRED.
Brookfield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl thirteen years of age. I live on a farm by the Port Medway River. There are two gold-mines within six minutes' walk of here. My uncle has a share in one, and has made a good many thousand dollars since last summer. I go to school every day. We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' several years, and like it very much,

ADA.

'Sulks!'

IN THREE VERY SHORT CHAPTERS.

(By W. E. Cule, in 'Silver Link.')

CHAPTER I.

JACK GRAHAM'S STORY.

I was not at all glad when I heard that Cousin Alys was coming. Summer holidays with boys are jolly enough, but a girl always seems to get in the way, and a girl is a girl, however nice she may be.

The Tuesday she came was wet, and we all had a quiet day over our books and Halma. Wednesday, however, was fine and sunny, and it was then that the trouble began.

Fred and I had settled everything. We were to spend the afternoon on the river in the old boat, which would be very good fun for us. We had never thought of Alys.

But mother had, and when we were talking about it at lunch, she said:

'Of course you'll take care of Alys, Jack. I am sure she will enjoy it, and I must go into town this afternoon.'

What could I say? Fred looked across the table at me, but I turned my eyes aside. Why is it that girls cannot enjoy themselves without worrying boys?

Fred joined me when I was getting my cap in the hall, and we went out together without a word. He looked rather solemn, as he always does when I am angry. But when we were about a hundred yards down the road he said:

'What about Alys, Jack?'

'What about her?' I cried, snappishly. 'She can walk, can't she?'

'Oh, I suppose so,' he said. And then he was silent enough until we reached the river.

But at this time I was trying to get straight, and it was a stiff fight, I can tell you. Fred and I had arranged our own holiday, and why should we be expected to take a girl with us? It was quite too bad And yet——

We got the old boat ready, all in silence. Then I stepped in, but Fred still lingered on the bank.

I knew what he was waiting for, and all of a sudden I felt that my old enemy was holding me fast. Should I allow myself to be beaten like that?

'Fred,' I said, with a queer, choked feeling in my throat; 'I've left my knife behind.'

'Oh, I'll get it,' he cried readily. 'It's on the mantelpiece, isn't it? I won't be a minute.'

Still he waited, as though he expected me to say more. It would not come at first, and even then the words were rather hard.

'And while you're there, just ask Alys to come along I suppose we'd better—and mother would like it.'

'Right!' said Fred, like a flash; and without waiting for another word he turned, and started back home. Perhaps he was afraid that I might change my mind.

I watched him as he ran up the field, and felt much better.

'Giant Sulks,' I said to myself, 'you're beaten this time. Get right behind!'

CHAPTER II.

FRED BROWN'S STORY.

I found Cousin Alys walking up and down the garden path, looking as lonely as could be.

'Why, Alys,' I said, 'aren't you coming with us?'

Her face lightened, just as though the sun had touched it.

'Oh,' she cried; 'do you mean it? I was afraid——'

'Never mind anything,' I said quickly 'We are waiting for you. Come along.'

She came at once. Who would have supposed that a few words could change her solemn looks into smiles and pleasure? But I suppose it all depends upon what words are spoken.

Jack was sitting in the boat, and seemed pleased that Alys had come. She sat in the stern and he took the next seat, while I had the bow oar.

The Irvon isn't much of a river, especially at our village, where it flows through low lying fields. It is sluggish and lazy, and full of weeds and water plants, though deep enough here and there. We did not work hard, because there was no need for it, and the afternoon was warm.

Alys was bright enough now, and gave us something to do to listen and answer her questions. Jack came in for the best part of it, for he sat between, and when he turned to me now and again, I saw that he had quite forgotten his sulks.

'Look there!' I cried, suddenly; 'isn't that a flower—there, by the reeds? What is it, Jack?'

He could not see it at first, because he looked in the wrong place, but Alys cried at once—

'Why, I believe it's a lily! Can we get it?'

It was not hard to get, for the matter of that, and I was just about to lean over when Jack stopped me.

'Hold on, Fred!' he cried; 'don't move. I'll get it for you.'

I saw that he wanted to please her, so I sat still. Then he drew in his oar, climbed over my seat, and stretched out his hand from the bows.

No one seems to know exactly what happened next. Perhaps the boat was going rather faster than he thought, or the reeds may have been further away than they appeared. But almost at the same moment there came a sharp cry from Alys and a heavy splash; then the bows gave a sudden jerk upwards.

Jack had fallen in. I turned and saw it, remembering at the same instant that he could not swim, and that the water was six feet deep just there.

I could not move or speak, and my heart seemed to jump into my throat. Jack was drowning — drowning.

But then someone stepped quickly past me, over my seat. There was a harsh, grating sound as Jack's oar was caught up and pushed out over the side. Then I saw that Cousin Alys was standing firm in the bows, holding back, while Jack was clutching with both hands at the blade. It was all done in a moment.

The old boat rocked and plunged as Jack gripped the side. His face was white and scared, but that was all.

'I can't get in,' he panted; 'It would capsize——'

Then I came to my senses. 'All right, old man,' I cried. 'Hold fast. We'll pull in to the bank'

And we did. Alys worked like a man, and I did my level best, so in three minutes we were standing on shore, safe and sound.

No time was lost after that. Alys ran off to the house to tell Mary to have dry things ready, and the bath warmed. Jack said very little to me when she had gone, and we hurried home as quickly as we could.

But an hour afterwards, when he

had been made cosy and comfortable, he began to speak. His first words surprised me.

'Fred,' he said, 'get my best tennis-ball and my new racket. Then fetch my bag of marbles and my yacht.'

I brought them, wonderingly, and could not help asking the question:

'Whatever do you want them for?'

He took up the things, and gave me a queer, shy look.

'I'll tell you afterwards,' he said, slowly. 'But I say, Fred, do you mind asking Alys to come here? I want her.'

'IT WAS ALL DONE IN A MOMENT.'

CHAPTER III.

ALYS REED'S STORY.

It was so good of Jack. When Fred told me, I went in, and found that he had all his best things spread out on the table: his marbles, his tennis-ball and racket, and that lovely little yacht. And what do you think? He wanted me to take them all, and keep them for my very own!

'Oh dear, Jack!' I said. 'Whatever for? You won't have anything left.'

'Never you mind that,' he answered. 'You must take them. I want you to——'

What was he blushing for, and why did he stammer so after the next words? I soon knew.

'I—I'm sorry,' he said, turning his face away. 'I—I didn't want you to come. I didn't want you at all—and all the same I might have been drowned but for you.'

That was the secret. He was sorry for his anger, and wanted to make up for it by giving me the things he valued most.

So it was all right now. There would be no more loneliness for me, no more fear of being in the way. We would have such times together.

'Oh, Jack,' I said, softly, 'what a boy you are! I won't take these things, but I'll use them all the holiday-time Will that do?'

Well, he said it would at last, and we settled it so. Then Fred came in and we told him all about it.

'That's splendid,' he said, in his quiet way. 'You'll write home to-night, Alys, and tell your mother what a jolly time you're going to have—all through Jack's sulks.'

'No,' answered Jack, blushing again. 'Not through my sulks, but through my conquering them. Isn't that it?'

We soon agreed upon that, and now they are going to help me to write the letter. It will be a very happy letter, and as my story ends here, I suppose I shall be able to call it a sequel. Mother will be glad to get it.

Tommy and Bobby.

I knew two little boys who can never agree. At school, a morning seldom passes without cross words and angry looks between these silly little boys. Tommy pulls Bobby's hair, or Bobby steals Tommy's reading-book.

One day, Tommy was in such a bad temper that he gave Bobby a hard thump on the top of his curly head. Bobby went at once to his teacher, and said, angrily, 'That horrid boy has hit my head, and it hurts!'

Then the teacher was obliged to punish Tommy, and she did so by making him sit in a corner with a cap on, so that the whole class might see the naughty boy.

She would not let them sit together, or play with one another, for a whole month, and after that time they were much better friends.

It is wrong, as well as silly, when little boys quarrel, and fight, and say unkind things to each other. I hope Tommy and Bobby will become wiser as they grow older. Don't you?—A. C., in 'Our Little Dots.'

Spelling Kittens.

A dear little girl,
With her brain in a whirl,
Was asked the word 'kitten' to spell.
'K-double i-t—
T-e-n,' said she;
And thought she had done very well.
'Has kitten two I's?'
And the teacher's surprise
With mirth and patience was blent.
'My kitten has two,'
Said Marjory Lou;
And she looked as she felt—quite content.

—'Ladies' Companion.'

Catechism for Little Water-Drinkers.

(Julia Colman, in National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON XVI.—THE ABUNDANCE OF WATER.

1. Where does water come from?

It comes down from the clouds in showers.

2. What is the first good it does?

It washes the leaves, the flowers, and the streets, and makes them clean.

3. How do we use it for cleansing purposes?

To wash ourselves, our clothing, and many other things.

4. How does it cleanse those who drink it?

It washes them inside as well as outside.

5. How does water get into the clouds?

Heat sends it up in vapors that make the clouds.

6. How does this help make water clean?

Because only the clean parts go up in vapors.

7. Is rain-water clean?

Not always, for it washes the dusty air as it comes down, and the roofs on which it falls.

8. Is clean rain-water good to drink?

It is one of the purest and best forms of drinking-water.

All.—Our drink is poured in silver showers,
For girls and boys, and birds and flowers.

(Have this repeated with waving hands and rippling fingers.)

Scientific Temperance Catechism.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON XVI.—ALCOHOL AND THE NERVES.

1. What did you call the brain, in the last lesson?

The body's telegraph office, with the mind as operator, and the nerves and wires running all over the body.

2. What do the nerves look like?

Like slender, silvery cords, branching out from the brain and the spinal cord, like twigs from a tree. Under the microscope each of the nerves is found to be made up of a bundle of finer threads.

3. Of what are the nerves made?

Of very soft and delicate matter, which a rude touch would crush and destroy. It is very full of blood-vessels and contains a great deal of water.

4. How many kinds of nerves are there?

Two; the motor and the sensory.

5. What do these words mean?

Motor means moving, and sensory, feeling. The motor nerves are those running from the brain to the different organs to tell them how and when to move or act; and the sensory nerves run from the organs to the brain to tell it how they feel.

6. If you should accidentally pick up a hot coal what would happen?

My hand would telegraph to the brain, over the sensory nerves, that it was burned; and the brain would hurry off a message over the motor nerves to the hand, to drop the coal. All this would happen in just an instant of time.

7. Is it important that the nerves be kept in a healthy condition?

It is very important. Many of our actions are under the direct control of our nerves, and are disturbed when the nerves lose any part of their power. Then the muscles lose their energy, and the body trembles and the speech becomes thick.

8. What does alcohol do to the nerves?

It does several very bad things. It is always very thirsty for water, and the nerve-pulp is full of water, which the alcohol drinks up, leaving the nerve-pulp dry and hard. The nerves cannot work when they are so dried. It is just like cutting a telegraph wire so it cannot take a message to the office.

9. Is that a bad thing?

Yes; certainly. We need to know when we are burned or cut; otherwise we would not know what we ought to do to save ourselves from injury.

10. Does the effect of alcohol on the nerves last long?

Yes; when alcohol is taken up by the nerves it does not easily escape. It seems to be shut up in the substance of the nerves, and is only very slowly thrown off from it.

11. What else does alcohol do to the nerves?

It crowds the little blood-vessels of the nerve-tissue too full of blood, and in that way injures the nerves.

12. But, alcohol relieves pain, does it not?

No it only prevents the brain from knowing of the pain, by cutting the little telegraph wire. There have been cases of drunken men freezing their hands or feet without knowing it at all. But the poor feet were just as badly hurt as if the brain had known.

13. What is the final result of the action of alcohol on the nerves?

Insanity. A great many men and women are now in insane asylums, and seem to have lost every trace of reason and intellect, just through the effects of alcohol. They are perfectly helpless, and will remain so as long as they live.

Hints to Teachers.

A diagram of the brain and nervous system can easily be procured for this lesson, or drawn upon a black-board. Show the children the wonderful branching of the nerve-tree, till its minute twigs reach the remotest surfaces of the body. Dwell on the necessity of the perfect health of the nerves that the brain may be warned of the care necessary to be given the body. The wires of the fire-alarm telegraph might be cut, and a great fire destroy a large building, while the firemen, unwarned, were peacefully sleeping. There is in Cleveland a poor woman, both of whose feet had to be cut off, because they were so terribly frozen one dreadful night when she was so intoxicated that she knew nothing of the danger that threatened her.

Temperance of Micronesia.

Miss E. Theodora Crosby, missionary of the American Board, in an article in the 'Independent, under the above captain, says: One peculiarity of the people of Micronesia is their attitude toward the tobacco question. They will not admit a man or woman who uses the weed to church-membership; they argue that smoking and chewing are the outward symbols of an inward degeneracy; and their one rule is that those who bear the name of Christ shall neither touch, taste nor handle the unclean thing; and from this rule there is no appeal.

And thus, also with intoxicants. In all the years I have been in Micronesia, I have never seen an intoxicated native, while I have seen many white men in that condition. The German Kommissar has made a rule in the Marshall Islands that no trader shall sell liquor in any form to a native. For the first offence he is reprimanded, for the second he is heavily fined, and for the third, he is expelled from the island.

One of our high chiefs was invited by the Emperor to go to Germany at his expense, under the escort of the Kommissar. The chief, Letokwa, an earnest Christian, wished very much to go. There was but one obstacle, he confided to me, and that was he knew the Germans drink wine and beer, and he was afraid. The Kommissar had assured him he would be allowed to follow the dictates of his conscience in this matter. 'But,' said Letokwa, 'what am I to do when they all take it? How can I tell them I cannot drink those things without being rude?' Whereupon I gave this South Sea Island chief a lesson in the /ethics of our higher civilization on this question!

Drink and Cyclists.

Zimmerman, the world's champion, says to cyclists:

'Don't smoke, it depresses the heart and shortens the wind. Don't drink—drink never wins races. I have trophies at home which would have belonged to others if they had left liquor alone.'

And J. Parsons, the fifty-mile Victorian champion, who does not smoke and has given up alcoholic stimulants, says:

'I abandoned even moderate indulgence in liquor because I could not win races when so indulging. Since I refrained altogether from drink I have started in five races and have won four—the fifty-mile championship, the Victoria road race, and the half-mile and ten-mile races in Adelaide.'

While Mr. Tebbutt, on being asked his opinion, replied:

'Well, it sometimes happens that a non-abstainer wins, but invariably they have kept off the drink for some time previous to the race, and when they start drinking again their 'form' goes off. In racing you require your head clear, for so much depends upon your judgment from first to last. In the race yesterday I rode better in the final than in the previous races, and without feeling the least excited, though there were twelve of us—all intent on winning. The excitement caused by partaking of liquor would have taken away my cool-headedness.'

And he added:

'A young fellow-cyclist recently accompanied me on a long road journey which caused us some fatigue. He fancied a glass of whiskey would stimulate him a bit. Well, it did for about a quarter of an hour, but after that he was ten times worse, and I had to slow off to enable him to keep up with me at all. This is only one case out of several of similar effect which have come under my notice.'—'National Advocate.'

A Wll-Kept Diary.

Not long ago, in Europe, a man died at the age of seventy-three, who began at the age of eighteen to keep a diary, which he continued to keep for fifty-two years. It is now published and is a most striking commentary on the life of a mere worldling. His life was not consecrated to a high ideal. In the book he left he states that in fifty-two years he had smoked 628,715 cigars, of which he had received 43,692 as presents, while for the remaining 585,023 he had paid about $10,433. In fifty-two years, according to his book-keeping, he had drank 28,786 glasses of beer, and 26,085 glasses of spirits, for which he spent $5,350.

The diary closes with these words: 'I have tried all things; I have seen many; I have accomplished nothing.' A stronger sermon could not be preached than to put this testimony against that of the missionary apostle, Paul: 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day.' II. Tim. iv., 7, 8.—American Paper.

They Hurt the Nerves.

Boys, do you desire to have always good strong nerves? Then don't use cigarettes. You think they are harmless? They certainly looked very innocent—only a roll of white paper with a bit of doctored tobacco inside. But they do weaken the nerves; and in fact they have kept many a man from securing a good position on a certain railway in the West. Read what Mr. George Baumhoff, Superintendent of the Lindell Railway of St. Louis, says about their use:

'Under no circumstances will I hire a man who smokes cigarettes. He is as dangerous on the front end of a motor as a man that drinks; in fact, he is more dangerous. His nerves are bound to give way at a critical moment. A motorman needs all his nerve all the time, and a cigarette smoker can't stand the strain. It is a pretty tough job for men in good condition, and even they sometimes get flurried. If I find a car beginning to run badly and getting irregular for any time, I immediately begin to investigate the man to find out if he smokes cigarettes. Nine times out of ten he does, and then he goes for good.'—'The Christian Work.'

The Steps of the Year.

Spring goes forth with footsteps fleet,
Summer walketh more discreet,
Autumn hath a stately mien,
Moving like a crowned queen.
Winter's steps are very slow,
Trudging through the ice and snow.
—'Waif.'

'God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.'
—'Waif.'

LESSON XIII.—JUNE 26.

Review---The Life of Christ.

Matt. xv to xxviii.

Golden Text.

'Keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life. Jude 21.

Home Readings.

M. Ps. lxxii., 1-20.—The Laws of Christ's Kingdom.
T. Ps ciii., 1-22.—The Mercy of God.
W. Luke vii., 36-50.—The Compassion of Christ.
T. Luke xv., 11-32.—God's Welcome to the Sinner.
F. I Pet. ii., 13-25.—The Lesson of the Cross.
S. Col. iii., 1-17.—The Risen Life.
S. Acts i., 1-11.—The Ascension.

Quarter's Review From the 'Practical Commentary.'

Lesson I. tells of the great faith manifested by a Canaanitish woman, who heroically broke through outward obstacles, the opposition of the disciples and apparent hindrances from Christ himself, to seek aid for her demon-possessed daughter.

Lesson II. contains Mark's account of the resurrection. Read prayerfully the parallel passages in Matt. xxviii., Luke xxiv., and John xx., and carefully compare them with this lesson. It will wonderfully illuminate and beautify its meaning.

Lesson III. carries us to the scene of Christ's transfiguration. Of his twelve disciples only Peter, James and John were allowed a glimpse of his glory. 'But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory.' II. Cor. iii., 18

Lesson IV. compares, in parable, God's forgiveness of men with man's forgiveness of his fellow-men.

Lesson V. portrays Jesus' triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when for one brief moment he received the tribute of his Christhood, his Kingship and the homage of the people whom he came to save. He received, but was not deceived by these honors, for he felt even then, in the midst of his triumph, the black shadow of the cross sweeping over his heart.

Lesson VI. invites us to the marriage feast a type of the gospel feast, God provides it for his Son. The Holy Spirit by his own still, small voice and through the lips of God's witnesses gives the call. Some accept it, others reject it.

Lesson VII. teaches that we are to watch and be always ready for the return of our Lord. In this lesson we may gather instruction for every pupil, teaching the truths of practical piety. The Christian life is a life of watching and prayer. This does not imply dreariness, any more than it does to say that we should always guard against wounding or neglecting our dearest friends. We serve the Lord because we love him. We should fear to entertain any thoughts, or engage in any matter that would lead us to sin against him. Emphasize the importance of every-day religion. Only that kind helps in time of need. The heathen observe days, repeat many prayers, sacrifice to idols, but their religion is void of comfort and peace. Heart religion that loves, worships and obeys the one true God, makes us watchful and keeps us prepared to meet the Lord when he calls us from earth.

Lesson VIII. pictures the judgment scene at the coming of Christ to reign on the earth. Before the throne of his glory are gathered the living nations. The sheep, a type of the just, on his right hand; and the goats, type of the wicked, on his left. Those on the right receive the reward of their righteousness, eternal life; those on the left, the wages of sin, eternal death and destruction from the presence of their Lord.

Lesson IX. is hallowed with thoughts of that last night in Jerusalem, spent by our Lord with his disciples in celebrating the Passover.

Lesson X. takes us into the judgment hall of Pilate, where the sinless Saviour is cruelly condemned to crucifixion, and one Barabbas, a robber, released in his stead.

Lesson XI. gives us a glimpse into the gloom of Golgotha, where, suspended upon a cross, between two thieves and surrounded by a taunting mob, the Son of God and Saviour of men bows his head and dies for the very ones who, in fierce hatred and bitter envy, nailed him there.

Lesson XII. tells the glad story of the risen Lord and his parting commission to his disciples.

Primary Lesson Hymn.

Jesus, when he left the sky,
And for sinners came to die,
In his mercy passed not by,
Little ones like me.

Mothers then the Saviour sought,
In the places where he taught,
And to him their children brought—
Little ones like me.

Did the Saviour say them nay,
No; he kindly bade them stay,
Suffered none to turn away,
Little ones like me.

Twas for us his life he gave,
To redeem us from the grave;
Jesus now has power to save
Little ones like me.

—Children's Hymn.

Review Hymn.

I saw him leave his Father's throne,
Forsake that glory all his own
For love of me.
And from the lowly manger bed,
I heard a gentle voice which said,
'Lovest thou Me?'
'Lovest thou Me?'

I saw him in temptation's hour,
Weak, but o'ercoming Satan's power,
For love of me.
And as the tempter fled away,
I heard a voice that seemed to say:
'Lovest thou Me?'
'Lovest thou Me?'

He saw me weeping for my sin,
And turned to breathe his peace within,
For love of me.
Oh, may it never lose its power,
His voice in that sweet parting hour,
'Lovest thou Me?'
'Lovest thou Me?'

I saw him bleeding on the cross,
Of all things he had suffered loss
For love of me.
And as he meekly bowed his head
I seemed to hear, as from the dead,
'Lovest thou Me?'
'Lovest thou Me?'

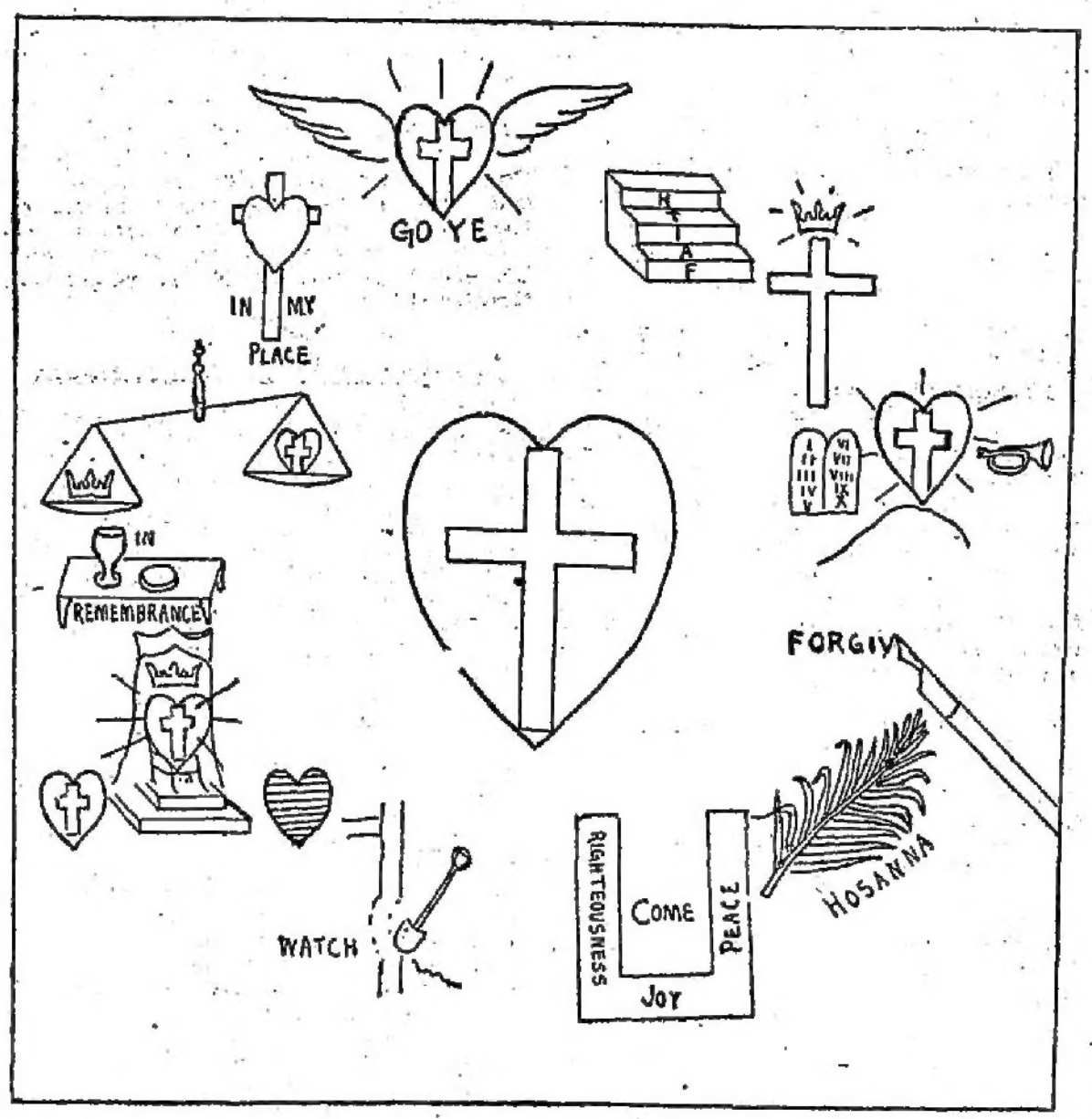
I hear the Master's last commands,
'Go tell my love in heathen lands,
For love of me.
And as I answer, 'I will go,'
He seems to say, 'I love thee so,'
'Lovest thou Me?'
'Lovest thou Me?'

Lord, I will go, or give, or send,
Where'er thou bidd'st, to the world's end,
For love of thee.
I yield my heart, my life, my all,
Nothing henceforth my own I call,
But all for thee,
For love of thee.

—Alliance Hymns.

The Lesson Illustrated.

Our Review, twelve lessons, like the twelve hours of the clock, and this thirteenth review of them all. One o'clock, who took the steps of faith and won the destined blessing? Two, the crowned cross. God's way of gaining the crown, who taught it? Three, Who were revealed upon the mountain top, and to whom? Four. The two debtors, their debts and the lesson. Five. Where did the palm leaves wave, and what goes out when the Lord comes in? Six. Who gave the marriage feast? Who are invited? Seven. Who left us in charge? of what? till when? Eight. Who shall we see upon the throne, and what the difference between the hearts on each side? their character? destination? Nine. The bread and the wine, upon what table? and what do they represent? Ten. Who was willing to crucify Christ, in order to keep his crown. Eleven. Who was lifted up? on what? for whom? Twelve. Who ascended upon high? What work did he leave for us? The centre of all is the symbol of Christ, and all our quarter's lessons are about him.



If you have kept the symbols for each lesson you will find preparation for review easy. If not take some paper and a pair of scissors, a broad-pointed pen or a brush and make them. It will be much more interesting for the scholars and very much easier for yourself than drawing them from memory on the board.

Get different teachers to say a word about each different symbol, or ask from different classes a review of one lesson each.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

June 26.—The right use of time.—Eccl. iii., 1-8; Acts 24: 24, 25.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Test of Good Breeding.

'I can always judge pretty accurately about the training of a child by the way in which it comes into the room, takes its seat and arranges its books,' remarked a teacher, whose long experience gave her opinion great weight. 'Observe that boy who is just coming in. He drags his feet, kicks against the matting, shambles against the desks and flings himself into his seat, banging his b[illegible] and clattering his feet—not quite loud enough to receive a reprimand, although he knows he richly deserves it. That boy's home life is something to make the angels grieve. From his earliest years he has been kicked and banged about, literally that, blows and beatings, and more than once he has crept into a corner of the shed behind the house and wrapped himself in old blankets and carpet that he has concealed behind the wood pile and among some old boxes for this purpose. He has become sullen, stupid and slouching, and has more than once threatened to run away. He will unquestionably end his days in crime or degradation, for every bright and manly idea and inspiration has been warped and crushed out of his nature.

'What a contrast to this lad who is just entering. A fine, frank, noble little fellow. He has the marks of a good and happy home life about him, and has evidently been trained by a careful and judicious method. He comes in gently and at a moderate pace, makes no noise, sits quietly down and places his books on the desk without noise. His face and manner command respect and it is plainly to be seen that he respects himself and his surroundings.

'No one can overestimate the importance of good home training, and the women of to-day who fail to comprehend and appreciate the object and scope of this great work are woefully lacking in a proper sense of the appropriate sphere and mission of womankind. To make a home and a good and beautiful one is unquestionably the highest ambition of every normal specimen of femininity in the whole human family. To have and preside over her own kingdom, to feel that she is the light and the life, the sun and the centre of a realm that she can mold and manage as she will, is something that appeals to all of the womanly instincts and ambitions.

'And when, in addition to this, she gathers about her a little company of bright young faces, all her own to train and educate and mold into beautiful symmetrical and brilliant men and women, she has an added incentive and a grander aim. All learning, all wisdom, all achievement make her better able to train her family, more capable of ordering her home and more likely to do it judiciously than the woman who half knows a few things and dabbles in a few others in an amateurish and uncertain fashion. Knowledge gives the power to command and control, and happy is the woman who has wisdom and discretion and tact enough to acquire the solid information and the gift and grace to take on the ornament and purely decorative and make it like the morning glory, the woodbine and the eglantine—fit material wherewith to beautify a home.'—New York 'Ledger.'

Care of the Kitchen.

About the sink and range there is a great amount of strength wasted in many kitchens, despite the many labor-saving devices that are called into use.

One should reduce the work about sink and range to a minimum; leaning over a sink is not the easiest position to be had, but those who have large quantities of dishes to wash should think to bend from the hips, instead of curving the spine; this does not tire the back. Do not think of scraping away at sticky kettles when by using a little forethought you can clean them in a twinkling; that is, fill them with cold water as soon as emptied and set them upon the back of the range, where, while the dinner is being discussed, the scrapings will become loosened.

When cleaning the sink, sprinkle a little pearline about, pour on some boiling water, then use a stiff bristle brush, costing five cents. A few vigorous strokes, and all is clean; finish by pouring down some boiling water, which rinses it clean, and also serves to dislodge any greasy accumulations in the spout and about the trap. It is a wise precaution to sift a little chloride of lime down the pipe every few days.

Do not laboriously polish the range every morning; once each week is sufficient with the daily washing off with a wet cloth, followed by a dry one; this will keep a range neat and shining as I have demonstrated by experience; of course, I do not mean the high lustre which results from patent blackening, but a good clean surface. It is better to put some of one's extra time in keeping the oven tank and tea-kettle clean.

An oven will get foul from dust, ashes and charred food, so that when the door is quickly opened the draught sends the unwholesome particles into your eyes or deposits them upon the custard pie or meringued covered dessert; wash the oven with suds once each week, grates and all. Your drinking water is filtered so you think the tea-kettle well kept by being simply emptied and refilled with fresh water; pass your finger-tips over the bottom of the inside; you will see a dark smooch upon them, caused by gradual accumulations; to prevent this wash it out often with strong suds; treat the tank in the same way.

The nickel exteriors may be kept brilliant without the aid of chamois and patent paste if you wash them in strong pearline suds, followed by a dry absorbent cloth. This economises in two ways, strength and paste, for these patent compounds count up rapidly.

A word about dish cloths; do not have stringy, discolored rags, when one may get crash as low as two cents a yard; one yard will make three; three yards, at a cost of six cents, will make enough to last a year; and a few minutes at the machine will hem them to prevent ravelling. I believe in a respectable dish cloth, and in keeping it in good condition, not hanging it under the sink wet to invite mould and microbes. Boil the cloths occasionally covering them with cold water and sifting in a little pearline; dry them in the sun or upon the hot water pipes back of the range, and they will never become unwholesome.—Mrs. J. W. Wheeler, in New York 'Observer.'

The Quiet Hour for Mother.

A mother may long to feed both heart and mind, but with the Christian the former takes precedence. After that she may do the best she can with culture of the mind. The quiet hour is necessary to any positive attainments in spiritual life. To recognize this fact and to long for such an hour—these are first steps in arranging it. Some are feebly wishing they could take time to meditate in the midst of busy days, but the unspeakable importance of such meditation has not taken firm grasp upon their minds. It is gain to the mother who comes from her bible, her book of devotion, her prayers, refreshed in spirit and cleared in vision. It is gain to the children who find mother more patient, wise and gentle. I have come to believe in a principle which applies also to the giving of one-tenth to the Lord. Nine-tenths go as far afterward as the whole would have gone, even farther. So with the rest of the day, when a morning hour has been given to the Lord. More and better work can be done as the days pass.

There must always and everywhere be sacrifice of material things to secure the best spiritual results. So a mother's domestic and social life may have to be simplified and readjusted if she would have her 'quiet hour.' It is worth thinking over in a business-like way, in response to the question, 'How can I arrange my household work, my sewing, my reading with the children, my shopping, my calling and my benevolent duties, so as to be alone with God to-day for an hour'?

Perhaps the hour may sometimes need to be changed, perhaps it may not always extend to sixty minutes. Nevertheless, barring all hindrances, a quiet perseverance brings its reward. And one reward, quite outside of self, is to hear childish voices saying after a time, 'Mamma, I must have my little time alone.'—Mrs. C. H. Daniels, in 'Congregationalist.'

Selfishness of Family Life.

Our gentlest and wisest philanthropist spoke sadly the other day, of the growing tendency of selfishness of family life. It appeared to her that the present tendency was to reduce the family to its lowest terms — father, mother, and children. One less immediately related was regarded as a possible cause of friction, an intruder not to be tolerated in that sacrosanct circle. Grandparents, old servants, poor relations, were to be pensioned off or sent to a 'home'—most of them would prefer the county jail. Here they might bicker and nag each other and fret their hearts out without disturbing the comfort of smug papa, nervous mamma, or coddled children. A valuable discipline, what old-fashioned people used to call a veritable 'means of grace,' was thus lost. It was good for children to run a few errands to spare infirm old limbs, submit to some inconvenience, endure some harsh comment, have daily practice in respect for age, patience, pity, self-control. Good for adults, too.

In her own youth, she said, an old servant had shared the home, past work, pernickety, and domineering. Like most old people, Polly had 'ways' of her own, and hers were 'the waysiest ways,' the children were ever subjected to. All the small, useless treasures that children love, had to be smuggled into the house and concealed from Polly's stern eye. If Polly was left in charge during the absence of the parents, many a cherished privilege was cut off and the strictest discipline maintained. Naturally they had not loved her at the time; she had represented one of the disagreeables of life, like being kept in on a rainy Saturday, to be accepted and made the best of. Now, in maturer years, they looked back with positive affection upon her grim faithfulness, and they recognized that an element of friction might be an important one in the building of character.—'Chicago Times-Herald.'

Selected Recipes.

Scotch Pudding.—One quart of stale bread crumbs, grated and seasoned with salt, pepper and powdered sage. Add one pint of minced boiled mutton, one well-beaten egg, one chopped onion and one pint of mutton broth. Bake in a hot oven until firm and browned upon the top. When cold, slice in thin slices. Beef or chicken soup may be used instead of the mutton, but the Scotch recipe calls for mutton.

Veal Fritters.—One cupful of minced veal, one cupful of milk, two eggs, salt, pepper, one teaspoonful of flour, and sufficient bread to absorb the milk lightly. Break bread and milk thoroughly by beating with a fork; stir in the well-beaten eggs and seasoning with the veal and flour. Drop by spoonfuls like pancakes, and fry in hot drippings, or equal parts of butter and lard.

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